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Salunga Farmer
(From page 1)
wards Rosenfeld who stood at the field entrance with a pile of empty fertilizer bags which he intended to use to cover the combine.
When the Kaylors were about 100 yards from Rosenfeld, who had covered his head with one of the bags to protect him-

self from the steady rain, Kaylor said he glanced in another direction. Just then a heavy clap of thunder was heard. Kaylor said he looked again and saw Rosenfeld lying face down in the field.

Rosenfeld's two sons, in the meantime, were enroute to the barn with a load of bagged wheat. They heard Kaylor's call for help and a doctor, whereupon John Rosenfeld went to the farm house where he summoned Dr. J. T. Herr, Landisville.

Dr. Herr, using injections, tried unsuccessfully to revive the victim before pronouncing him dead. Dr. J. S. Kendig, Landisville, deputy coroner, issued a verdict of accidental death.

Born In Russia

Born in Crimea, Russia, Rosenfeld was a son of Mrs. Elizabeth Rosenfeld, Oreville Menonite Home, and the late Henry Rosenfeld, Columbia RD. He was a member of the Bethel Menonite Church, Lancaster.

In addition to his mother, he is survived by his wife, Mrs. Anna Rosenfeld, and these children: Elizabeth, wife of Lt. Donald Dillard, John N., Tina N., Anna N., Agnes N., and Henry N. Rosenfeld, and Mary, wife of Vernon Schroder, all of Salunga.

Also surviving are these bro-

thers and sisters: Mrs. Peter Sawadsky, Mt. Joy RD; Jacob Rosenfeld, Russia; Mrs. Elizabeth Dick, Litz RD; John Rosenfeld, Leamington, Ontario, Canada; David Rosenfeld, Upland, Calif.; and George Rosenfeld, Salunga.

RARE FISH FOUND

Harrisburg, July—An unusual fish in the P. P. & L. Power Dam on Middle Creek, tributary to Penn Creek, Snyder Co., was sent to the Fisheries Research Laboratory at Bellefonte where it was identified as the river quillback, hitherto unknown in this part of the state.

TO BE CITIZENS — Young people attending the recent 4-H Leadership Training School at the Pennsylvania State College gave serious consideration to the responsibilities of citizenship.

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SHOOT STORY
Brightest Star
By DYER WILSON

GAIL opened the oven door, admired the browned casserole, decided to try more newspaper recipes and hurried to answer the jangling telephone.

"Hello—Gail—remember me? It's been so long!" The voice was hauntingly familiar. "I'm just dying to see you!"

"Not Ruth Stevens!" Gail's voice thrilled over the wires. "It can't be!"

"Come to Lightville especially to see you—you and John and all the babies—" The lovely voice trailed away expectantly.

But I can't, I simply cannot invite her here, Gail thought desperately—she'd see the faded rugs and worn furniture and—no—it is impossible.

When she and Ruth were at college they'd been daughters of rich men, equally lovely, equally spoiled, equally popular. Then her father died and the money disappeared under the unskilled management of her mother. Marrying a poor man and having a large family—

"Come to the hotel for dinner with me—" Ruth was saying.

"I'd like that," Gail told her. "but John and the children will be home soon—they're not babies any longer—all go to school and come home starved. I could meet you for lunch tomorrow." What kind of friend am I? She'll think I don't want her here—but oilcloth and a one dish dinner and—no—not for Ruth—she's so rich!



But I can't, I simply can't invite her here, Gail thought, desperately.

"Tomorrow it is, Grace Andrews is with me. She'd like to see you too."

"What to wear? How to send them away without letting them know how poor she was?"

John met her troubled eyes and asked gently, "what is it, dear?" He smiled at her, "better tell me."

She told him in detail—relieved that he would understand.

"Should have let them come along—take pot luck and think what they please," he said as he buttered a slice of bread, "there's worse things than being poor."

How like a man! A roof over him. Food to eat. Family intact. That's all he asked!

"Grace designs Graceline Frocks. Has reached international fame. Ruth does publicity work and makes more money in a month than we spent in year. I just couldn't let them know—"

John gave little Joey a second serving of macaroni and cheese before he spoke and then he smiled re-assuringly and suggested, "get a new hat and meet the girls. It might do you a world of good."

EXCITEMENT hurried her steps to the hotel next day.

"Darling—you came," Ruth hugged her and Grace smiled her dreamy welcome just as Gail remembered.

"It's so good to see you both!" Gail said.

They found a table and ordered lunch.

"You're just the same," Grace exclaimed, "how we have missed you all these years. I talked Ruth into coming to see you."

"I'm glad you did," Gail said truthfully, "I want to know all about the exciting things you two have been doing. You, Grace—so famous—how does it feel?"

The waiter stopped and Grace answered, "yes—yes, I'll take the call." She excused herself and followed the waiter from the room.

Grace had troubled eyes when she returned to the table and said, "I'll have to start back tomorrow." Her voice barred questions. "I want to see your children before I go. Gail how about it?"

Gail's firm, little chin lifted proudly. "I'll call John to pick us up later and we'll have dinner at our house. You can visit with the children while I cook and you—yes—you can stay the night if you don't mind sharing a bed."

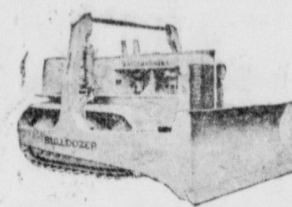
The afternoon passed rapidly as the three old friends reminisced. Gail, at ease now, was no longer trying to hide the fact that she was no longer rich.

John outdid himself to make her friends welcome.

As Ruth put it in leaving, "The brightest star—the happy one—a real home with children growing and a good husband—yes, it's better than money and the baubles it buys—your reward is love."

And Gail answered, "I know now how lucky I am."

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trying to catch TOMORROW?

What are you doing—actually—when you speed on the highways? What are you going to do with the extra minutes of time you think you are saving?
Consider carefully, this matter of speed. Actually, you gain nothing except the dubious distinction of becoming a candidate for a fatal accident. For speed is the greatest killer on the highways. One out of three fatal traffic accidents can be traced to speed—traveling too fast for conditions.
Traveling too fast for conditions means driving too fast

for conditions of the highway... the traffic load... the time of day... visibility... weather factors. When a legal speed limit is posted—all those safety factors have been carefully weighed before the speed limit is set. **YOUR SAFETY—AND THE SAFETY OF EVERY PERSON RIDING ON THAT HIGHWAY—DEPEND UPON A SENSIBLE LIMITATION OF SPEED.**
Obey the posted speed limit on every road you ride. Stop trying to catch tomorrow. The way to make certain of all your tomorrows is to drive at a safe speed today!

This message in the interest of highway safety is one of a series prepared and disseminated by the Pennsylvania Newspaper Publishers' Association and the Pennsylvania Department of Revenue.

COMMONWEALTH OF PENNSYLVANIA

John S. Fine, Governor Otto F. Messner, Secretary of Revenue

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